

SOLD AGAIN.

BY NED P. MAH.

Sad at heart, yet sleep refusing,
 Wrapped in melancholy musing,
 Time's slow flight I sat abusing.

On the pier head in the gloaming:
 Watched the billows' lazy foaming;
 "Ah!" I thought, "I'm tired of roaming."

"Had I but some point to steer to,
 Some fixed purpose to adhere to,
 Some Great Heart I might be dear to!"

The odor of a subtle essence
 Warned me of a damsel's presence,
 Sitting by in mute quiescence,

Gazing o'er the far, far ocean;
 Till she whispered, with emotion,
 "Oh, how lovely!" as her notion

Of the scene. And I, still gazing
 On herself, her beauty praising,
 Echoed "Lovely!" With amazing

Brilliant eye and cheek she started,
 Ruby lips surprised she parted,
 "Didn't know that"—and she darted

Frightened glances round about her—
 "Mama must have gone without her."
 Then my bashful heart grew stouter

And I, with eloquent emotion,
 Told my life was like the ocean
 In its restless, peaceless motion,

Lacked some nobler aim's employing.
 When she cried and stopped my toying
 With her looks. "O, how annoying!"

Here's Maria!" No more she uttered;
 Seraph-like away she fluttered.
 Still the billows broke and spluttered

On the pier-head melancholy.
 Then I cried, "O, hang this folly!"
 Sherry cobbler were more jolly."

Obtained the nectar, I immerse
 Straws in it, then seek my purse
 That the price I may disburse.

Not there? Stolen! Still I find
 Light-fingered Houri, you are kind!
 You restore my peace of mind.

"Sold again!" My heart I mock.
 Dead my love is with a shock.
 A wiser man I leave the dock.

LA PETITE ROCHELLE AND THE RIVER RESTIGOUCHE.

Here, from the deficiency and brevity of reliable records, considerable difficulty is encountered as to the state of things in this then remote and isolated locality at the time of Danjac's arrival in the Restigouche; and as to his proceedings in the brief interval that preceded the hurried and tragic conflict that followed the arrival of Byron in pursuit of him, and naturally from the same cause the few, who have written on the subject, disagree on some important particulars.

We know that for some years previously many of the inhabitants of the conquered parts of Acadia, who refused to take the oaths required of them, fled, or were ruthlessly driven from their homes, and naturally sought refuge in the unconquered French territory on the Baie des Chaleurs, and Restigouche, and in Gaspé, as is evident from the apprehension expressed by Mr. Belcher, the President of the Nova Scotia Council, of those of Restigouche and its vicinity privateering against English trade. Many of them still expected to reacquire possession of their properties from which they had been driven by the English; and in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1761, mention is made of some of them in small privateering vessels annoying the English. The probably now extinct names of "Pirate's Harbor" and "Bloody Cove" on the north shore of the Restigouche seem to speak of such doings.

From their expulsion in 1755, many of these refugees had fairly and openly resisted subjugation; and it was natural that they should concentrate in accumulating numbers to a point like La Petite Rochelle which was remote from the highway of general traffic, and was the key to a short and safe interior route of communication by the Metapedia by which they could receive succor, if to be had, from the settlements on the St. Lawrence, or retire there by the help of the ever ready canoes of their Indian allies.

From the Indian Gardens at the mouth of the Escouminac, the shore sweeps out south-westward to Point à la Garde, which commands a full view down to the mouth of the Restigouche. There Danjac posted a look-out picket to watch the entrance of the river.

Proceeding up to Battery Point, a commanding promontory on the north shore, where he found the fifteen hundred Micmacs and Acadians, he landed the two hundred and fifty soldiers he had brought, and erected a battery for their defence. The works must have been slight and perishable and the guns were rather small, judging from one of them I saw there preserved as a relic where it lay.

He could have been but a few days there when Byron appeared off the mouth of the river, on the 24th of June, 1760.

The Honorable Captain Byron was the grandfather of Lord Byron, the poet; he had served under Anson, long the terror of the Spanish Main, and the doom of every Spanish ship he encountered.

Having Danjac secure on the Restigouche, he was delayed a fortnight by the difficulty and the preliminary proceedings attending the getting in his big ships the *Fame* of 74 guns, and the frigates *Scarborough*, *Achilles*, *Dorsetshire* and *Repulse*—a force of overwhelming odds certainly, against Danjac's four small ships—the *Marchault* of 32 guns, the *Bienfaisant* of 22, the *Esperance* 30, and the *Marquis de Marloze* of 18 guns—notwithstanding any advantage he had in position, and the 19 small prize vessels that at best would escape during the unequal action, if they could.

Byron being now ready, and having with the advantage of a heavy mist, decided to "Fecht him in the mornin" passed "Pointe à la Garde" unnoticed during the night, and took Danjac by surprise early in the morning of the 8th of July, 1760. But before doing so he had landed a strong party of marines on the north side of the Restigouche, below Point à la Garde—of which more anon.

Great must have been the avoidable hurry and the excitement in the mixed multitude at Battery Point on that calm midsummer morning when the rising sun gilded the lofty hill tops—to see the spectral forms of a British line of battle ship and four frigates booming in dim perspective through the retiring mists that hung over the broad river as its rising tide bore them slowly up to the beginning of battle. And sad to them and to the settlers at La Petite Rochelle were the startling and terrific events that were crowded into the remainder of that long day.

Deceived perhaps by Byron's previous delay, and deprived of all notice till the last, and unprepared for instant action, there would be unusual commotion on board of Danjac's ships; the beating to quarters, and in every direction orders, quick and loud, for the shipping of cables—for there was no time to weigh anchor then—and for the unfurling and trimming of every sail to give headway to gain sea room for retreat or action, as the case might be, or circumstances dictate. And great would be the clamor among the landmen on shore.

But these minor sounds would soon be drowned by the thunder of the cannon of their advancing enemy opening upon them peal upon peal, re-echoed in continuous roll from the surrounding mountains, augmented by the fire of the battery on the Point, and the return shots of Danjac's ships that were hastening to retire up the river under what cover the fire of the battery could afford them. And the sound of that mighty and far-reaching alarm would carry dismay and anxiety into every settler's cabin and Micmac's camp on the Restigouche; to the wives, the squaws, the children and the aged that might be left remaining at home.

It was heard too by others—by Byron's marines toiling on stealthy parallel march back among the mountains and the mist—unnoticed save by the startled deer—then very abundant—and the disturbed owl.

The battery was soon silenced by the 74 gun ship; while the lighter vessels that had less difficulty in ascending the river, continued the running fight in pursuit of Danjac, warily sounding the channel as they went.

The soldiers who manned the battery could not be expected long to continue the hopeless combat; much less the Acadians with but small arms. Both would find a safe retreat in the woods immediately behind them; still more so would their Indian allies, who, in their mode of fighting, would even be less exposed.

Far otherwise was it with Danjac's four ships with whom the battle was continued. Brief and scanty in detail and somewhat differing as the accounts of it are, it is grossly evident from facts stated that Danjac's officers and men fought their ships to the last with the greatest gallantry, and with a determined persistence in the utmost degree disastrous to them. Before the conclusion of their five hours' fighting, their two largest ships, the *Marchault* and *Esperance* were dismantled and burnt. Theirs, doubtless, were the wrecks of two of Danjac's that were visible, at low water, fifty years ago, on the edge of the channel near Battery Point. But the *Marquis de Marloze* and the *Bienfaisant* succeeded in entering the narrows at Point Martin (Campbellton), where a small battery had been erected, whether by Danjac's orders or by the privateering Acadians who had for some years made it their stronghold, or chief rendezvous, does not appear. In endeavoring under the protection of the fire to retire further up towards La Petite Rochelle, the *Marquis de Marloze* ran ashore in the shallow water on the north side of the river and was under the broad-sides of the English ships burnt to the water's edge. The *Bienfaisant*, then alone, remained to continue the desperately unequal combat, which then might have been closed—with honor, surely,—but the gallant and high-spirited Frenchman, her commander, inspired by the spirit of some "baresarkerviking" of his Norman ancestors, would, apparently, brook no compromise. When summoned to strike his flag, instead of complying he was seen going down into the hold of his ship, and after a few seconds rose the flash of its explosion. It was blown up with all on board.

Such was the tragic end of the last ship of Danjac's ill-fated fleet, and of her gallant commander, Captain Bourdon, of the *Marchault*, who was killed in action, had a more Christian burial. His body lies buried at Point Bourdon, thenceforth owes its name. "Requiescant in pace."

During the exciting turmoil and alarm of protracted battle upon the "Big River," Byron's marines, he had landed below Point à

la Garde, had a very arduous and fatiguing and possibly dangerous task to perform on land, which was that of executing secretly a flank movement through the interior, and attacking "La Petite Rochelle" in the rear simultaneously with the attack by his fleet in front. For Byron was an experienced and wary commander, and intended that his work of destruction should be surely and completely done. True, they would have to start before daylight to make good their march route of fully thirteen miles through an uninhabited country, except by hostile savages, that was densely wooded, rugged and mountainous, as can be seen in its mildest form in the background of the accompanying sketch of "La Petite Rochelle." But Byron, who had footed, along with savages, the coast of Patagonia, from the wreck of the *Wager* to Calao, in Chili, saw no great obstacle in that. He landed them below "Point à la Garde," for it would have been futile to have landed them further up, in daylight, in face of the enemy.

In the sketch mentioned there is, on the left hand, a dark mountainous mass intersected by a pine tree in the foreground.

Its right face falls abruptly to the valley of Little River which was the western end of La Petite Rochelle. Further up, at its base in front, on the main Restigouche, was situated what is called the "Upper Battery," where, by recent information obtained from Adam Ferguson, Esq., of Athol House, the worthy representative of the founder and owner of the village of Campbellton, there are breastworks and diggings; and where quantities of human bones, indicating conflict, and gun barrels, gunlocks, cannon balls and French silver and copper coins, were found in bringing the land into cultivation. This station commanded the inland routes to the River St. John and the St. Lawrence, that afforded ways of retreat or obtaining reinforcements of Indians from the interior. Byron's strategy in despatching the party of marines to strike the Restigouche above and in rear of this Upper Battery, was keen and effective; but would have been obviously quite impracticable had they not been guided, according to tradition, "by a traitor" whose services Byron had previously secured.

They succeeded, however, by a march of extraordinary exertion and fatigue, and no little peril. Their risk was imminent while passing in rear of Battery Point. The result may be imagined had timely alarm enabled the eight hundred hostile Indians accustomed to treacherous forest fighting to intercept them in such dangerous ground. Forty years ago the late Robt. Busted, Esq., of Bourdon House, one of the oldest British settlers, and proprietor of a chief part of the site of La Petite Rochelle, communicated to me what tradition told of the hardships of this march, and the alarm of the French and Acadians there when surprised by the sound of "the life and drum of the English marines who came down through the mountains by a gorge in their rear." The accompanying sketch of the ravine at the foot of the western side of the mountainous mass above La Petite Rochelle, which I understood to be the ravine alluded to, may be sufficient to give an idea of it.

The marines were not, it may seem, altogether unresisted before reaching the rear of the Upper Battery. A very old Micmac woman, who was present, on being questioned by Mr. A. H. Sims, my successor in charge of public works, in 1846, through the Chief of the Micmacs, and another reliable interpreter, said that the marines had been attacked by a watching party before reaching the "big river" (the Restigouche), and seven of them killed; but none of the attacking party were killed, she thought, for they ran away. Her father was present and her grandfather—who was hurt but did not die then.

A few miles further up the road, by the river side, seven old uncoffined skeletons were turned up by the contractors' laborers. One was that of man of great stature, whose skull fitted over my successor's head like a hat. With them was a silver gorget that had a crown in relief upon it, under which were the letters "Geo. I." One of the marines killed was, the old squaw said, a very large man; a head taller than other men. He carried no musket, only a spear, (officer's spontoon), sword and pistols; but the tall skeleton was found too far off to be this officer's, or the squaw's recollections may have been confused; and the seven marines may have been killed, in pursuit, by the fugitives making a stand at the very steep rocky ground, then exceedingly defensible, below the Metapedia, which was once called the Big River. This is more consistent with the tradition communicated by Mr. Busted, which dwells on the life and drum of the marines as the first alarm of the surprise. Eleven skeletons were found further down the road, but not in any way distinguishable.

After capturing the Upper Battery and destroying it, with some fighting, it is thought from the quantities of bones found there, this party of marines forming a junction, it is assumed, with others landed from Byron's fleet, after the action, captured and "destroyed" the town of La Petite Rochelle, containing upwards of two hundred houses," as it is said in the Admiralty statement dated 8th September, 1760, of Captain Byron's despatches of 26th July, 1760, published in the *London Magazine*, or *Gentleman's Monthly Intelligences*, and Captain Allen's letter of 2nd August, 1760, quoted in Admiralty notice of 30th August, 1760, published in the same magazine, and setting fire to the houses, burned them all, driving the in-

habitants into the woods. The old squaw, before alluded to, who was then present, said the marines plundered the houses of everything valuable before burning them.

The poor inhabitants were not offered the opportunity of taking the oath of allegiance to the British Crown; or of neutrality—which every where else in Canada and Acadia when taken—at that time—afforded protection of life and property, during the continuance of the war.

There was no clemency displayed to these poor people. Their houses, furniture, bedding—all they had of the necessities or comforts of life—food and clothing, excepting the little they could carry in their flight to the woods, or previously secret there, hurriedly, was destroyed or taken from them; leaving them destitute in an uninhabited country.

We know from the records of the time, that this settlement was held in bad repute by British and Colonial traders as a nest of privateers, or pirates as they were unfairly called; which may have misled the British Commander to think such unusual severity in this case as one of the pitiless necessities of war.

Eighty years after the echoes of the cannon, and the smoke of the battle and the burning had rolled away, the site of La Petite Rochelle and the Mission Plain adjoining, with their surrounding scenery, would have formed a paradise for a landscape gardener of appreciative genius.

The well cultivated fields around the residences of a few hospitable and well-to-do proprietors, and of the thriving settlers, opening up the picture, gave life to the scene. Elsewhere it was a natural wilderness of rich capabilities; with second growth woods, in groups of varied form and kind, interspersed with grassy glades,—the Ruisseau Monier in its little dell, coming from the steep hills behind; here and there little irregular patches of Indian cultivation; and where undisturbed, a picturesque desolation where nature had resumed her sway, and shrouded the decayed vestiges of the homes of the men of "La Petite Rochelle" with her wild flowers, the bramble and the lady fern. And, crowning all that "noble and lovely river," as the Duke of Argyll appropriately has designated the Restigouche—in lake-like expanse—set in its magnificent frame work of lofty surroundings, remarkable for the gorgeous skies of cloud combinations which their eminences seem to attract.

Thirty-six years ago, my successor, Mr. Sims, on a merely partial and hasty examination, counted cellars, chimneys and foundations of upwards of thirty of the houses of La Petite Rochelle not then obliterated by decay or cultivation; and on the point opposite Bourdon House, trenches and raised earthworks were visible till so obliterated by cultivation.

In Bourdon House Mr. Busted has one of the cannon of the last ship of the French fleet built into the back of one of the chimneys. One of his father's men, near where a set of china had been found, turned up, in ploughing, a silver fork and a silver spoon marked G.M.D., which imagination might possibly construe to have belonged to Danjac, the Commander of the French Fleet burned in the naval action, of whose fate we have no record. Arms and utensils have been occasionally found in parts of the site that have been cultivated; and at Officer's Brook, articles of luxury indicating residence of persons of some distinction.

In the residence of J. Fraser, Esq., at Point Pleasant, which we occupied for a season, the mantelpiece, over the drawing-room fireplace, attracts attention as a fine specimen of dark oak. It is a piece of one of the timbers of the *Marquis de Marloze*, that was stranded and burned to the water's edge nearly opposite; the remains of the wreck of it which were then visible have since been gradually carried away by relic-hunters.

Part of the wreck of the *Bienfaisant* lies a little above Mission Point; it is still occasionally visible; then it was more so. And at low water, after the spring floods had long gone by, in the brilliant days of summer, when the rich clouds were piled in cumuli over the gorgeously wooded hills, and all nature looked joyous and beautiful, it was singularly and sadly impressive to see the black gaunt timbers of the wreck of the *Bienfaisant*—the last remains of Danjac's unlucky fleet, rising as a dark spectre of the past, up through the glassy waters of the Restigouche.

It may be said that the version of the destruction of the *Bienfaisant* here given, which accords with that indicated by M. Faucher de St. Maurice, is scarcely credible, as it would require nothing short of temporary insanity on the part of her commander to render it possible. If so, it would be nothing new, nor very unaccountable. The explosion of the last of the French Fleet—a ship loaded with stores, is an otherwise admitted fact. The articles found in the wreck of the *Bienfaisant* show that it was so loaded. Probably it was what Byron, in his last despatch designated as "a large store ship." It was so large, the *Bienfaisant*, that its rudder-irons, when they were used for a large ship built by my friend, the late Robert Ferguson, Esq., of Athol House, had to be reduced in size to fit it. It is said that the French destroyed some of their ships to prevent their falling into the hands of the English. That desire and a little insanity of desperate pugnacity not unprecedented in disastrous warfare, might account for the explosion being willful.

The official reports say Byron destroyed all the French ships. If he did so after they were captured, or might become valuable as prizes, the needless destruction of them and the great